

THE
LADIES'
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. VI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 25, 1817. NO. 26.

LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

—
BY A FEMALE ANCHORET.

—
THE PARISIAN.

(Concluded from our last.)

HENRIELLE heard it with the smile of conscious beauty, and a painful glance of mock indifference; the father, perhaps, would have been more gratified if they had been checked by a tender and grateful remembrance of the absent writer. But he withdrew without comment, and returned accompanied by Florival, whose flushed cheek and downcast eye expressed a timid, yet proud, dependence on the recommendation of Henrielle's father. She received him with a charming mixture of assumed unconsciousness & careless encouragement which her grand-mother secretly applauded, as the perfection of that coquetry she had once practised herself.—“In your presence,” said Florival, looking respectfully towards the Baroness, “I may request your grand-daughter's acceptance of this pledge, which her father hoped you would permit her to attach with her own hand to the pearl necklace she received from her mother. It was once your gift, and he promised to fill up the vacant place in it when he had found what he tho't worthy.”—And he produced an emerald heart, evidently adapted to some pecu-

liar repository; but his gallant allusion to the colour of hope which tinged it, did not produce the smile he probably expected. Henrielle was silent till the Baron requested her to comply with her father's wishes:—then, looking compassionately at Henriana, she replied, “It was in my possession yesterday, but it is mine no longer;”—and when repeated questions extorted fuller answers, she reluctantly implied that her pearl had been stolen during the confusion caused by the burning pavilion. Henriana remained mute; but the quick heavings of her bosom announced her interest in this scene; and the intelligent glance of accusation cast on her by Henrielle turned Florival's thoughts towards her. He had not yet heard the mysterious tale of her supposed imposture; and her mourning dress, her retiring attitude, and modest eyes, over which she had drawn her fine hair embellished only by a simple sprig from the rose-tree loved by her father, fixed his pity and attention.—“Speak, that we may see you,” says old an philosopher who had the benefit of a woman's instruction. Florival understood this hint, and he addressed his conversation to Henriana, hoping to penetrate her character. If he had been touched by the meek simplicity of her aspect, he was now impressed by what might be called the holiness of innocence in her calm and

proud reserve. But the Baroness, enraged at the suspicion which the absence of the necklace seemed to excite in her husband, busied herself in public and vehement complaints of the theft. The pearls had been often worn by her, were of the richest oriental kind, and of a shape so singular that they could be easily identified. All the domestics and spectators employed on the day of the fete were traced by police-officers, but no discovery resulted. Florival, apparently heedless of the event, continued his visits at the Baron's hotel, where he was received with vague, but inviting blandishments by Henrielle, and with placid coldness by Henriana. As his regard seemed fixed on the prosperous heiress, the latter gradually avoided his presence, and left him in full enjoyment of the wit and smiles which had obtained such celebrity. On one of these occasions, she absented herself to seek Madelon's humble residence, and offer a price for the cherished rose-tree. She found her knitting in her little garden-porch with the happy thoughtlessness of second childhood; but at the first glance Henriana recognized the pearl necklace hanging round her neck! A moment was given to silent astonishment before she inquired by what means it had fallen into her possession.—"This?" returned the old paysanne, stroking her sunburnt throat—"this was my grand-son's gift on my saint's day."—"Madelon!" said Henriana, gently detaining her hand—"recollect yourself—these pearls belong to the family De Salency!"—"The blind woman started up with a fierce gesture—"Wretch! vile wretch! you have profited by my blindness to steal my necklace, and substitute another!"—Her cries brought a robust young man from the interior of her habitation; but as he ran to her assistance, he appeared to recognize Henriana, and hesitated. "Speak for me, Lubin!" exclaimed his grand-mother: "You well know I have no pearls—the chain you gave me was of beads."—Lubin hung down his head, and a deep blush rose even to his forehead—"Madelon, pardon and believe me!—

I was tempted—I was paid to bring your dove to the pavilion with the billet written by—by her who wore the necklace of pearls:—they were dropped near me—I did not guess their value, and—I gave them to La Bonne."—

"Well," replied Henriana, "she loved my father, and you are safe—Dare you confide the pearls to me?"—"The rich glow of Lubin's heart burned through his saffron cheek—"Gracious lady!—you saved my helpless grand-mother from the flames, and we owe you the service of our whole lives."—Henriana replied, "The time may come when you shall receive more than the value of these pearls:—let Madelon accompany me."—

The old paysanne rested on her grand-son's arm, and followed Henriana to the Hotel de Salency. In the vestibule they met Florival; and advancing a few steps to meet him, Henriana said, "Chevalier, the lost prize is recovered! it fell into the hands of this blind woman, and was worn by her without consciousness of its worth."—"I know it already," he answered;—"but Henrielle has denounced her to the police, and its agents are on their way to her residence—I was hastening thither myself to favor her escape:—let her depart now, for the vengeance will be as sudden as the suspicion."—"What! on her father's foster-mother!" interrupted Henriana, indignantly—"dare's Henrielle shew cruelty even there!—take back these pearls, chevalier, since you have brought a bauble to attach to them—give them to your chosen bride, and say they were redeemed by yourself—at your request, perhaps, she will spare this aged woman."—"I will protect Madelon, assuredly," replied Florival—"but the heart I brought will never belong to Henrielle—her's is incapable of gratitude, bounty, or compassion. They tell me she has been educated for ornament and refinement, but she has neither been ornamented completely nor refined enough. Flowers are scattered on the surface of her character, but none grow there. The benevolence which ornaments social life, the refine-

ment which governs thoughts and actions, are wholly unknown to her. Self is the sole motive of her graces, her blandishments, and even her virtues, which she assumes, not because they are feminine, but because they create her power. It is a power, however, which extends no farther than her own flattered imagination, and I disclaim it from this hour." "Her presence will renew it, chevalier!" returned Henriana, smiling. No, madame—the vapid remains of wit and beauty exhausted in public crowds would not satisfy me—I expected to find a heart capable of gratitude to an absent father, sincerity to a modest claimant, and tenderness to helpless old age. I have found one, but not in Henrielle. "Be well assured before you decide," said the Baron, entering—"I have brought a final arbitrator." Florival saw the father of Henrielle, and started back. "Do you fear to be assured of this young beauty's poverty?" added the old lord, sternly. "No, Baron!" returned his young favourite, still retreating—"I only fear to find her unworthy." "This," said Henri de Salency, "is my own Henrielle—my only acknowledged daughter. Her rival, who has wisely taken refuge in flight, obtained the documents and credentials she possessed by a theft which her wretched mother committed to exalt a daughter, whose existence is my reproach. The child of my virtuous wife has shewn the softness and the purity of soul which, like the *poppy* and the *lily*, are the best symbols of domestic happiness;—the pain inflicted by her sister's imposture was a penalty I well deserved, by believing that splendid talents might cover a depraved heart, or atone for its unworthiness."

Art can copy nature in many things: automaton are made to move like living creatures, and pictures to resemble flowers; but the one wants speech, and the other smells only of paint.

The injuries we have done, and cannot repair, will imbitter reflection, till divine mercy is pleased to obliterate the remembrance of them.

ON THE SEASONS.

In closing the present volume, we now take leave of our readers with some pleasing reflections on WINTER, and the Seasons in general; from the pen of an admired and elegant British essayist.

SEVERE and rigorous as *Winter* usually is, its various scenes, however, cannot fail to suggest many subjects of gratitude to the contemplative philosopher. Few minds are so devoid of sensibility as not to experience the most grateful emotions, when the inexhaustible bounties of the Supreme Being bloom around in *Spring*, in beautiful profusion; delight the eye in *Summer* with maturing promise; and ripen in *Autumn* into rich and exquisite perfection.

In general, even in minds not unsusceptible in other respects, we seldom find a disposition to grateful admiration when they behold the ravages in the creation; the orchards stripped of their golden fruits, and harmony extinct in the groves, when

"No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call,
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall."

But the benign Governor of the Universe, who has subjected his creatures to the rigours of Winter, has graciously enabled them to mitigate its severity by a variety of resources. The woods, which, in *Spring*, crowned the hills with majestic verdure, now contribute to erect the comfortable mansion, or in winter to afford us the unspeakable blessing of fire. The flocks, which no longer gladden our fields, nor, to the poetic eye, revive Arcadian scenes, have given us their summer fleeces to protect us from the piercing cold; and the fruits which autumn adorns our orchards with its golden harvests, are now laid up for our nourishment and support. In a word, the devout mind may have reason, even in winter, to exclaim with the Psalmist, *O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.*

Had it been given to us mortals to comprehend the connexion of every thing in nature, with what fervour of admiration should we adore the wisdom and goodness of the great CREATOR! But although we are incapable of forming an idea of the plan and extent of his wondrous works (those works which display infinity in the two extremes of magnitude and minuteness) we may yet perceive enough to convince us, that with respect to the happiness of the whole, every thing in nature must be ultimately ordered for the best.

The felicities of the golden age are beautiful in poetic vision. A youthful fancy is delighted with fruits and blossoms blushing "in social sweetness on the self-same bough." It wanders with ecstacy, through groves adorned with perennial verdure, while Favonian gales perfume the ever-smiling skies. But these are the enchanted reveries of fiction, not the sober representations of truth. The human mind, which seems ever anxious for new gratifications, would revolt at the idea of perpetual sameness and uniformity, even in the most beautiful scenes and the most exquisite enjoyments. One can have no idea of happiness, when it does not, in some degree, result from comparison: for not only variety contributes much to our sense of happiness, but not unfrequently a recollection of former calamities, or of some recent suffering.—That degree of ease which we scarcely regard in the full enjoyment of health, is ecstacy in itself, when pain has taught us how to prize the inestimable blessing! In the moral world "*How sweet are the uses of adversity*" which best instruct us how to estimate and how to enjoy prosperity!

In like manner, the recollection of the frowning skies of *Winter* will make us rejoice in the return of that *Spring*, in whose flowery walks, if perpetual, we should have trod with languor and indifference. More cheerily will the heart then dance to the music of the groves, when it recollects the season when their tuneful haunts were dumb. Brighter, then will be the verdant robes, which the

woods assume, when contrasted with their leafless and inhospitable appearance: and, as "hope waits upon the flowery prime," the fruits and flowers, when they bud, will delight the fancy, in sweet anticipation, with all the pride of *Summer*, and all the riches of *Autumn*. The rigours of departed winter will be forgotten in that all-enlivening renovation of nature.

In fine, our hearts, then attuned to cheerfulness and gaiety, will confess this important truth, that, as Providence has made the human soul an active being, always impatient for novelty and struggling for something yet unenjoyed with unwearied progression, the world seems to have been entirely adapted to this disposition of the mind: it is formed to raise expectation by constant vicissitudes, and to obviate satiety by perpetual change.

AMERICAN INTREPIDITY.

"It is interesting to trace the steps of our fellow-men, of whatever rank or character, through extraordinary adventures, perils or sufferings."

NARRATIVE.

ON the late visit of the President to the Independence, 74, Com. Bainbridge, with that attention to the interests of those under his command which so strongly characterizes him, on presenting his officers detained acting Midshipman King, while he mentioned his escape alone in an open boat from Bermuda. The following is the statement in the words of Midshipman King himself.

I was taken in the U. S. brig *Vixen*, on the 22d of Nov. 1812, by His Britannic Majesty's ship *Southampton*, commanded by Sir James Yeo. The *Vixen* and *Southampton* were wrecked on the 27th of November, on Little Island, one of the Bahamas. We were taken off Little Island, by his majesty's brig *Rhodian*, and taken to Jamaica, where we were kept prisoners until the 3d of April, 1813, when a part of the *Vixen*'s crew, were paroled, myself among the number, and sent home in the *Rebecca Sims*, of Philadelphia. We entered the Delaware on the 2d of May, and were boarded by the *Poictiers* of 74 guns, commanded by Sir John P. Beresford, who ordered us to come to anchor, and took all

the officers and men belonging to the Vixen on board the Poitiers, for the purpose of exchanging them for some of his crew, then prisoners at Philadelphia. The officers and men were released on the 10th of May, with the exception of James Stevens, carpenter of the Vixen, and myself, whom Sir John thought proper to detain on the supposition of our being British subjects. The Poitiers arrived at Bermuda on the 25th of May. Stevens and myself were sent on board the guardship Ruby, of 64 guns, then commanded by Com. Evans. The Ruby had a fine boat, which sailed remarkably fast. I mentioned to some of my companions in captivity, that we might venture to cross the gulf in her without much danger, but could get none of them to join me, with the exception of a man by the name of John Black, who gave his assent and his oath, that he would join me in any scheme for our liberty. Thinking that I could put confidence in this man, I next day sold some shirts to some of the crew, and got one of the men belonging to the Ruby to buy me a pocket compass and four loaves of bread. Being 6 or 8 days without getting any chance to make my escape, and our mess being short of provisions, I gave 2 of my loaves to the mess. The 24th of July being very stormy, and continuing so during the night, I thought it would be the best opportunity I could get of going off with the boat, and accordingly watched for the favoring moment. About 11 o'clock, P. M. a heavy squall of rain came on, and the sentry on the gangway went under a shed that was built over the main hatchway, and the officer of the deck and quarter master got under the forward part of the poop; seeing the coast clear, I got my pocket compass and the remaining 2 loaves of bread, and called my companion. We got down on the lower deck, and unshipped one of the gratings of the lower deck port; I gave my bundle to my companion, and told him to remain there until I could get the boat alongside. I got out on the swinging boom and cut the painter, and hauled the boat close in to the side; but what was my astonishment, when my companion, after handing me the bundle, said he would not go! In vain did I state that we should have fair wind one half the way at least, owing to the trade winds prevailing in that latitude; he said it would be impossible to cross the gulph in an open boat, and mentioned the scantiness of our provisions; finding that I could not prevail on him to go, I shoved off, and let the boat drift astern of the ship. When about a hundred yards astern, they struck a bell, and the sentry cried all was well. I made sail as soon as possible, and at day light was 30 miles from

the ship. On missing the boat they sent several vessels in chase of me, as I have since been informed by one of the prisoners on board.

I had several squalls between Bermuda and the gulf stream. I suffered a good deal for want of sleep, and did every thing I could think of to keep myself awake. My lips were parched with the sun; I used to irritate them with my fingers, to try if the pain would keep me awake, but all proved ineffectual; I often got asleep, and sometimes when I awoke would find the boat with her sails aback and steering a different course. After being out four days, I tried to steer by tying my hand to the tiller, which proved to be very useful to me the rest of the passage. I suffered a good deal in the gulf, owing to the continual motion of the boat; I saw a brig, but thinking that she was an Englishman, I was fearful of approaching her. I made Cape Henry on the 2d of August, about 4 P. M. and on approaching the Light House discovered the British fleet lying in Lynnhaven bay. I hauled to to the southward, and beached the boat about 12 o'clock at night, about ten miles to the southward of the Cape. I unbent the boat's jib, and carried it about a quarter of a mile from the boat, and went to sleep. I arose about sunrise next morning, and got to Mr. Whitehouse's dwelling, who treated me with every kindness that my situation required. I proceeded to Norfolk after remaining with Mr. Whitehouse two days, when I reported myself to Capt. Cassin, who advanced me funds to get to Washington. I sold my boat for 30 dollars, —the boat was about 22 feet long, 7 feet wide and 3 deep, with a foresail, mainsail and jib. She was ballasted with fresh water in breakers.

APHORISMS.

What is commonly called *friendship* is no more than a partnership, a reciprocal regard for one another's interests, and an exchange of good offices; in a word, a mere traffic, wherein self-love always proposes to be a gainer.

It is more dishonourable to distrust a friend, than to be deceived by him.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory; but nobody of his judgment.

The gallantry of the mind consists in flattering agreeably.

There is nothing of which we are so liberal as of advice.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

ALBERT TO ELLA.

"How may a heart so young as thine,
"Life's "thousand ills" already know?"

Then ELLA deems it strange indeed
That youthful breasts should sorrow know;
That hearts so young should learn to bleed,
Or taste of aught but "fabled woe."

O would to heaven, no woe but this
Had my torn bosom ever known;
Then had I fondly thought it bliss
To sigh neglected—lost—and lone.

Then might "reflection bring relief,"
And "softening time" a palm bestow
For all my fancied, foolish grief,
And every wild romantic woe.

But 'tis not self-created dreams
Of idle woes my bosom pain,
For then indeed Piera's streams
Had e'er this wash'd them out again.

Suffice to say, 'twas but a word
That caus'd this youthful bosom's swell;
And 'twas what I must sigh to thee—
Thou know'st its name—FAREWELL—FARE-

WELL.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

THE POET'S PRAYER FOR HIS FRIENDS.

O THOU best friend of all below,
Deign, deign to hear my pray'r;
And, as I at thy footstool bow,
Do thou in mercy spare
The wretch, who now a blessing craves,
Not for himself, but those
Whose hands have oft his wants reliev'd,
And sooth'd his many woes.

O with a gracious smile bestow
On them thy chieftest good;
And never may their bosoms know
Or feel ingratitude:—
Be thou their guide, their heav'nly friend;
With them thy vows renew,—
And let thy blessings soft descend
As Hermon's holy dew.

And when the "silver cord is loos'd,"
And broke life's brittle thread;
When earthly pleasures please no more,
And every comfort's dead;
Then, Heav'nly Father, grant this pray'r:
(For them and for myself)
O waft them from this world of care,
And "keep them to THYSELF."

—000—

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

MR. ORAN,

THE following poem is commemorative of the escape of Midshipman KING, of the United States' Navy, from the Guardship RUBY, in Bermuda; who, during a most dark and tempestuous night, seized a small open boat (belonging to the ship) and in her embarked for his native country; where, by the protecting hand of Providence, after suffering the most severe and distressing hardships, he arrived in health and safety, on the 2d of August, 1813.

[For a more particular detail, see the narrative of Midshipman King, in this day's Museum.]

No moon that night, with silv'ry light,
In Heaven's blue vault was seen;
No guiding star, with radiance bright,
Pierc'd the dark clouds between:
But all was cheerless—dark—and lone,
As it had been such fearful hour,
That Nature, trembl'ing on her throne,
Sought refuge from JEHOVAH's power,
'Twas such a moment—dread as this—
When blest Columbia's daring son,
Upon the stormy, dark abyss,
All friendless—fearless, and alone,
Burst from Oppression's galling chain,
(That chain may never bind him more)
And dauntless brav'd the roaring main
To hail again his native shore.

Beloved KING! the rainstrel's eye can view
Thy little skiff on ocean tost;
And as it trembl'ing mounts the billows blue
Or sinking, seems forever lost,
Dost mark thee fearless at the helm,
Tho' oft the tow'ring waves o'erwhelm
And in a moment threaten to destroy
Thy dearest dreams of Liberty and joy.
Yea, he can view thy steady eye
Firm-fixt on heav'n—on heav'n alone
Thy soul's best, lasting hopes were plac'd,

And though thy prayers to Friendship's ear
were lost,

Yea, from thine own remembrance eras'd,

Yet did they rise before His throne
Who ever deigns to hear the wretch's cry,
Nor heedless views the humble sparrow die.

'Twas HIM, undaunted trav'ler of the wave !
Who stretch'd, unseen, his mighty arm to
save,

And taught thee skill thy tott'ring barque
to guide

Safe o'er that waste, where all but thee be-
side

Had rather slept in slav'ry's fetters bound,
Than risk'd the dangers that beset it round.

First then to Heav'n thy earliest thanks be
paid ;

And next thy Country claims thy needful aid,
For, gen'rous King, Columbia views in thee
Another guardian of her Liberty ;

Another Chief—another OCEAN gem,
Some future day to deck her Diadem !

And for whose brows as fair a wreath shall
bloom,

As that which Freedom twin'd on gallant
PREBLE'S tomb! ALBERT.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

SOME

THE LAST SMILE OF LOVE.

DEAR is the blush of the morn's early light,
When the minstrels of nature enliven the
grove ;

But dearer to me, by the lamp of the night,
Is the last parting smile of affection and love.

Dear are the gems of the night on the lawn,
When conscience the deeds of the day can
approve ;

But dearer to me, ere the lark hails the dawn
Is the last beaming smile of affection and
love.

Dear to the bard, when the world is all still,
O'er meadow and mountain with wisdom to
rove ;

But dearer to me, by the foot of the hill,
Is the last ling'ring smile of affection & love.

And since 'tis of man th' unchangeable doom
That from earth's fleeting pleasure's he soon
must remove,

I ask for no ray to illumine my tomb,
But the last tearful smile of affection & love.

ALFRED.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1817.

Intelligence.

A body of men, women and children, twenty-nine in number, were lately discovered in the south-west of the town of Homer, (Courtlandt county,) encamped in the woods. They say they are from Vermont ; that the ten who are gone to the south, are part of their body ; and that there are no more of the sect in the country. They profess to go when and where the Lord directs, and are sure that he will so direct them as to bring them and their companions together in some distant part of the country, perhaps in the state of Ohio. They have a Prophet by the name of Thadens Cummings, who acknowledges himself inferior to Bullard, the leader of the other ten. He appears to be very ignorant ; professes to work miracles, but when requested, cautiously evades the attempt.

His Excellency De Witt Clinton, governor of the state of New-York, by Proclamation dated at Albany the 25th inst. has recommended that the 15th day of November next, be set apart as a day of Prayer and Thanksgiving in this state, for the gracious dispensations of Providence towards us in his manifold blessings of general health, the abundant productions of the earth, and in the general prosperity of the American people.

A case has lately been tried in Winchester (Ken.) for a breach of promise, in which the lady obtained a verdict of 5000 dollars. The engagement was proved to have existed some years previous to the unfortunate affair which finally induced the defendant to withdraw, and which overwhelmed the plaintiff with shame and misery. Goldsmith's eloquent song, beginning

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,"

was addressed to the jury in her behalf.

THE MUSEUM.

HAVING completed the 6th volume of the "New-York Ladies' Weekly Museum," James Oram respectfully informs his subscribers, that having made arrangements with Mr. Alexander Ming, the present editor of the "Weekly Visitor," to print the Museum, it will in future be edited and published by that gentleman, on his own account, from his Printing-Office, No. 86, Front-street.

The long experience of Mr. Ming in the business of printing, and his editorial ability in conducting a similar publication for many years in this city, is a pledge that he will continue the Museum a useful and pleasing fire-side companion.

The present editor, at this time, cannot forbear to express his good wishes and gratitude to his patrons for the favors received in the line of his business; and especially to those friends, to whose talents and generosity the public are also much indebted for many excellent original pieces, in prose and verse, which, from time to time, have appeared in the Museum. The paper being devoted to rational amusement and the best interests of society, he trusts his continued exertions to please this way, have been satisfactory; and that they will

James Oram continues his PRINTING BUSINESS as usual, at No. 68, William-street, and will always be ready and thankful to execute any orders in his line, at the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

†† The present volume of the Museum can be furnished, neatly bound, at \$2 50. Those who possess it can vouch for its valuable contents—and those who do not, by purchasing, will find it to contain a rich variety of the most interesting and pleasing matter.

☞ Those in the country indebted for the Museum to the present time, will please forward their respective dues; those in the city will be waited on, in the hope of a speedy settlement.

The "Museum" can be neatly and substantially bound by Mr. Robert Macgill, No. 6, Liberty-street.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED,

By the right rev. bishop Hobart, John H. Powel, esq. of Philad. to Miss Julia De Veaux, of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Bourke, Mr. Sheldon C. Whitney, to Miss Eliza Blanchard, daughter of the late Mr. John Blanchard.

By the rev. Mr. Knox, Francis A. Livingston, esq. to Miss Emma C. Kissam, daughter of the late Doctor Benjamin Kissam.

By the rev. Mr. M'Leod, Mr. George T. Elliot, merchant, to Miss Rebecca Giraud Foster, daughter of Mr. Andrew Foster.

By the rev. Dr. Milledolar, Mr. Daniel Dusenbury, to Miss Frances G. Coles, daughter of Mr. Caleb Coles, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. M'Lellan, Mr. Henry Mason, merchant, of Petersburg, (Virg.) to Miss Jane Davie, daughter of Mr. Archibald Davie, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Onderdonk, Capt. Humphrey Howland, of N. Bedford, to Mrs. Sarah G. Watkeys, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Rufus Gardner, of New London, to Miss Fanny Hart, daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Hart, of this city.—He gardens well, who cultivates the heart!

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Mervin, Mr. John C. Stockholm, of Fishkill, to Miss Eliza Underhill, of East Haddam.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 53 persons, in this city, during the week ending the 18th inst.

DIED,

After a long and painful illness, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, widow of the late Henry Smith, and daughter of Mr. William Brodie, aged 23.

Mrs. Vanderhoof, wife of Mr. John Vanderhoof.

Robert Finn, esq. late Clerk of the District Court.

Capt. Richard Weeks, jun (at the quarantine hospital) aged 24, late from Charleston.

Mr. John Chatterton.

Miss Dorothy Walker Brown, aged 15.

Suddenly, Mr. William Henry Jones, youngest son of the late John Jones, Esq.

Mr. Peter Lamere, aged 26.

At New-Brunswick, in the 37th year of his age, Mr. Lewis Deare, printer.

S